

God bless you.

Mr. Speaker, I yield back the balance of my time.

TUMULTUOUS TIMES

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under the Speaker's announced policy of January 3, 2013, the gentleman from Illinois (Mr. RUSH) is recognized for 60 minutes as the designee of the minority leader.

Mr. RUSH. Mr. Speaker, I want to congratulate the previous speaker, my friend from Michigan, MIKE ROGERS, for his distinguished service to this Nation and to this Congress. I had the privilege of meeting Mike when he first became a Member of this House. I remember his exuberance, the energy that he displayed, the hopeful look in his eye, and I watched him as he has matured into a great legislative leader and a leader for the Nation.

But I guess the paradox of our Nation is probably exhibited in the fact that I was kind of interested, to say the least, in the fact that MIKE ROGERS was a former FBI agent, and I had to process that fact in a rather unique way. I had not known many FBI agents prior to shaking hands with Mike. Those that I did know, I had questions about their character and their qualities. So I was somewhat quizzical and interested in this fellow.

As I listened to his final speech before the House, the thought occurred to me that one part of me certainly agrees with his notion of a Nation that represents so much hope to the rest of the world, but I also, to be quite honest, know that the America that should be even greater has not yet found the greatness that it is called to be.

These times are tumultuous times within our Nation. These times are creating pain and suffering for far too many of our citizens. These times extinguish the hope of the young African American child. These times call into question the high ideals that should inspire us. These times are times of difficulty; times, indeed, of desperation, times of despair in the life and the hopes and aspirations of far too many of our citizens.

W.E.B. DuBois wrote a seminal classic back at the turn of the century titled, "The Souls of Black Folk," and there was one sentence in this book that really kind of rises up to question and to challenge the Nation that the previous speaker portrayed and the Nation that is a reality for me and for so many of my constituents.

DuBois made the statement in 1903 that "the problem of the 20th century is the problem of the color line." I don't think that W.E.B. DuBois, who was an eminent scholar, a graduate of Harvard with a doctorate degree, could ever in his wildest imagination believe that this one sentence written in 1903 would still be a sentence that would define a Nation to many of its citizens. The problem of the 20th century is also the problem of the 21st century: the

color line, the problem of race, the problem of discrimination, racial inequities. These are current problems, even in today's America.

Forty-five years ago, on this very same day, December 4, way back in the year 1969—45 years ago—in the wee hours of the morning at 4 a.m. in a two-bedroom apartment at 2337 West Monroe, the Chicago Police Department, in collusion with the FBI, led a raid on an apartment which resulted in the death of two young African American men, Fred Hampton and Mark Clark, and the wounding of seven others.

□ 1600

They came in the middle of the dark hours of the morning in a van, Illinois jail van. Some went to the rear of the apartment at 2337, and some went to the front door.

Members of the organization that I was proud to be a member of and am proud today to have served in, the Illinois chapter of the Black Panther Party, they were in the apartment. Fred Hampton and the mother of his son were in the back room, and other members of the Panther Party were sleeping in different parts of the apartment.

There was a knock on the door. Mark Clark answered, "Who is it?" He heard a voice from the other side of the door saying, "Tommy."

Mark asked, "Tommy who?" The other voice on the other side of the door said, "Tommy gun," and started firing into the apartment. This was at the front of the apartment.

When those police officers at the rear heard the fire from the front, they came in, burst in through the rear door, shooting wildly and recklessly. After a few quick moments, the shooting subsided.

There was a shout from the rear bedroom where Fred Hampton and Deborah Johnson had been sleeping, and there was a voice that came from a closet saying, "Stop shooting. Stop shooting. There's a pregnant woman in here."

So all the Panthers were pulled from the various areas and in the rooms. And then Michael Voss, a member of the Chicago Police Department, went into the bedroom where Fred Hampton had been shot, said that, "Oh, he's not dead yet," and shot him pointblank in the head. He came out of that room and boasted, "He's good and dead now. He's good and dead now."

The Panthers were taken to hospitals, and some were taken straight to—well, they all were taken to the jail, Monroe Street Station.

I was supposed to have been in that apartment. The information by the informant, William O'Neal, that was given to the FBI stated that I and other leaders of the Illinois chapter of the Black Panther Party were in that apartment. And we had been there less than 5 hours before because we were having a leadership meeting.

Because we did not have enough sleeping areas, it was decided that some of us would not sleep there that night. Three members of the leadership group, two other members and myself, we went to our homes, thinking that tomorrow morning, or the next morning, that we would reconvene and continue our leadership meeting.

Fred Hampton, Mark Clark were killed.

I got a call about 4:45 that morning from another Panther Party member. Another member of the organization said that there had been a shootout at Chairman Fred's apartment, so I immediately got dressed and went to the basement apartment of Barbara Sankey, who lived in the 2200 block of West Monroe. Other members of the leadership, we gathered there, and we turned on BBM radio to see what the latest word was.

About 6:15, 6:30 that morning, we heard the news on the radio that Fred Hampton had been killed. 45 years ago, December 4, 1969.

Our thoughts—my thoughts that morning, I was 23 years old, just had made 23—my thoughts were scattered and confused because my friend had been murdered.

I immediately gathered myself, and we called our attorneys and got our attorneys on the phone, and waited awhile. Around 10:30 that morning, we emerged from that basement apartment to go a half a block west to see what had really happened.

Just as the cowardly police came in undercover, under the wraps of camouflage, they quickly, after murdering Fred and murdering Mark, they ran from the community and left this apartment open. They didn't secure the premises, left it wide open, doors open, all the evidence right there, the bloody mattress that Fred slept in, the door, the front door where it was later discovered, through grand jury testimony, that possibly one bullet came from inside of the apartment, but there were 99 bullets, 99 bullets from the outside to the inside, and one possible from the inside to the outside.

When we walked through that apartment, we saw the evidence. In later testimony given in various sources, including the special grand jury they convened a few years later, there was a machinegun used by the police, the State's Attorney police, and it showed on the walls, the evidence of where the machinegun, just almost in a diagonal form, fired up and down and up and down throughout the length of that wall, a machinegun used by the police.

Our attorneys examining the evidence secured the door that had been left behind, and with one hole in it, secured the mattress where Fred Hampton slept.

We had a toxicologist that our attorneys hired, and the toxicologist said that Fred Hampton had been drugged the night before, that he had enough Seconal in his body, enough Seconal to render an elephant unable to move. So

Fred was drugged by the police and their agents, murdered in his bed.

I want to be very clear here in this House, on this 45 years later. This was the first time that I am aware of—and I read history, I love history—before or since where an American citizen has been assassinated by official Federal, State, and local law enforcement, the first and only time that an American citizen had been assassinated by law enforcement and the political status quo.

So you can understand somewhat how I felt, and how I continue to feel about the FBI. And I am not here to castigate the FBI. This is not the purpose of this colloquy or soliloquy. This is not my purpose for being here on the floor.

I am talking about the history of the FBI and the history of J. Edgar Hoover.

□ 1615

This is the FBI I grew up with. I grew up under the J. Edgar Hoover FBI, and he considered me and others like me in my organization to be the greatest threat to the security of this Nation.

I had been honorably discharged from the military for 4 years—a veteran, serving 4 years in the U.S. Army. I volunteered for the Army, and all of a sudden, some 3 years later, I am the number one threat to the security of the Nation to which I had pledged to give my life only 6 years earlier.

Why did they kill Fred? Why did they kill Fred Hampton, the Fred I knew, the Fred Hampton I spent time day in and day out with?

Fred Hampton, the man full of humor and compassion, strong-willed, but softhearted; the Fred Hampton who could move crowds with his eloquence; the Fred Hampton who wanted me and others to learn the art of speaking, who would take us and force us to listen to the speeches of African American preachers and other orators; the Fred Hampton whose laughter was infectious, strong-voiced; the Fred Hampton who said what he meant and meant what he said; the Fred Hampton you could count on and call on, a spokesman for the voiceless—yes, Fred allowed his voice to be an instrument for those without a voice; the Fred Hampton who could take complex and philosophical thought and break them down and make them relevant to even those who were uneducated and unconcerned;

The Fred Hampton who would say, “I am so revolutionarily intoxicated that I cannot be astronomically intimidated,” which meant that Fred Hampton was going to fight for the least of these;

The Fred Hampton who was the inspiration for the Rainbow Coalition—not just for Black people, but for poor people in general—the Rainbow Coalition that reached out to Appalachian Whites in the uptown area and that reached out to the Young Lords in the Hispanic west town area, and said: “Let’s coalesce. We have the same

kinds of interests, the same kinds of problems. So, preacher man, I am going to use my voice and speak to the problems of black lung disease and of the poverty in Appalachia, and I am going to use my voice to speak to the problems of migrant workers and the problems of the Latino community, not just for Blacks”;

The Fred Hampton who told some of my liberal friends, “I understand your willingness to work, and I understand your cries for justice, and I understand how you want to sacrifice for justice, but we don’t necessarily need you to organize in the Black community. You need to go and organize in the White community to tell your brothers and your sisters that we are all in this struggle together, that we are all a rainbow of a coalition for justice and equality here in America”;

The Fred Hampton who loved to dance and loved to play basketball; the Fred Hampton who never smoked or drank; the Fred Hampton who loved his mother and his father and who loved his brothers and sisters;

The Fred Hampton who was tried and convicted of robbing a Good Humor Man for \$310 worth of ice cream bars on a summer’s day in Maywood, Illinois. Fred would say to anyone who would hear, “I am a big man, but I can’t eat 310 ice cream bars.”

Even those who prosecuted Fred said that if he took the ice cream bars from the Good Humor Man, then he passed them out, that he gave them to the young people in the hot summer Sun there in Maywood, Illinois, so even those who prosecuted him had to admit that, if he did, he robbed the rich and gave to the poor.

This was the Fred Hampton I knew. This was the Fred Hampton of my life, this man who had such an unabashed commitment to the great ideals of this Nation, in that this Nation should be a Nation where everybody is equal and everybody has the right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. He was one of the better spirits that this Nation produced.

He only lived to be 21 years old. His family’s loss was great, and his friends’ loss was great, but this Nation’s loss was even greater because, had he lived, he would have been a tremendous, incomparable, and unconquered advocate for those high ideals that inspire all segments of this society.

There was a grand jury that convened and a report that was issued that stated that 99 bullets were fired into that apartment on December 4, 1969, and possibly one fired out of that apartment.

The political machine in Chicago—the Daley machine, the political establishment, those who were in power—thought by killing Fred and Mark and wounding seven others, that they would be heralded as heroes.

Little did they know, when they left that apartment wide open—unsecured—then, step by step, person by person—men, women, and children

alike—marched through that apartment and observed for themselves what had gone on and what had happened on the morning of December 4, 1969.

They reached the conclusion that Fred Hampton and Mark Clark had been murdered and that one Edward V. Hanrahan—the State’s attorney who later that same morning, on December 4, went before the television cameras and cried out how his police officers had been attacked viciously by the members of the Black Panther Party, the residents of that apartment—lied; yet instead of being heralded as heroes, the very same community—the very same people—denounced him as a murderer.

In the election that came a few years later, this very same community defeated this State’s attorney in his bid for reelection. He was being lifted up, and he was being paraded around as the heir to the Richard J. Daley machine.

He was going to be Mayor Richard J. Daley’s successor, but the African American community—the Black community—said, “No, you will not,” and they elected a Republican State’s attorney, Bernard J. Carey. It was the first time that the Black community, en masse, told the Daley machine, “No, we will not vote with you. We are going to vote against you.”

That independent action—that independent and courageous act, that astounding act—defined urban politics not only in Chicago, but in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, in New York, and in many other places.

□ 1630

You see, because Fred Hampton died, then Harold Washington became the first African American mayor of the city of Chicago, which, again, astounded the world. The rising up of the Black community body politic created the necessary conditions to elect Harold Washington as mayor of the city of Chicago; created the necessary conditions to elect Carol Moseley Braun as the first African American U.S. Senator from the State of Illinois and in the history of the U.S. Senate; created the conditions to elect Barack Obama as the U.S. Senator from the State of Illinois, the first African American male to be a U.S. Senator from the State of Illinois; created the conditions, yes, for Barack Obama to be elected President of the United States; created conditions for the 1984 and 1988 campaigns for the Reverend Jesse Louis Jackson when he ran for President.

Fred. Mark. 45 years ago, they assassinated Fred while he was drugged beyond any capacity to defend himself.

Even today, W.E.B. Du Bois, your statement is troubling this Nation even today.

We travel beyond the 20th century. We are in the 14th year of the 21st century, and even today the problem of the color line is still the problem of this Nation.

When we look at Ferguson, Missouri, in the case of Michael Brown and his

murder and the horrendous conclusions drawn by the grand jury and the atrocious acts of the Governor of Missouri, the problem of the color line is pre-eminent. Justice for Michael Brown still has not occurred. Police brutality is still the main issue that we have regarding the establishment. Young Black men are still being murdered by police even today.

New York City, Eric Garner, a father of six, the grand jury could not even respond adequately to the evidence that everyone who has eyes to see can see that this man, Eric Garner, was choked to death by racist police in New York City.

Even today, Trayvon Martin still cries out for justice in this Nation, even today.

And there have been so many, from border to border, the North, South, East, and West. Young Black men are being murdered in the streets by law enforcement who know beyond the shadow of a doubt that they can kill young Black men and that the culture of the police across this Nation won't protect them, that they will not be called to answer for their atrocious actions for the killing of young Black men, be they students, be they fathers, be they 12-year-old babies, such as what happened in Cleveland.

When will the lunacy end? The lunacy that is in law enforcement must come to a screeching halt. The police and the police departments all across this Nation are not viewed as officer friendly, are not viewed as protectors who serve and protect. They are viewed as occupying forces who are at war with young Black men. That is the lunacy that we are confronted with even today.

So, Mr. Speaker, Members of the House, for the last 45 years, I have carried in my heart, in my spirit, the pain, the agony of losing my great friend and my great leader, Fred Hampton. Yes, he inspires me in my daily walks, but there is still pain that I carry with me in my heart. I won't forget, and I won't allow this Nation to ever forget as long as there is breath in my body, the legacy and the life of this 21-year-old American revolutionary, this simple yet brilliant man, this man who had insurmountable courage, the man who could move crowds with his eloquence and his sincerity, the man who had not even reached the fruit of his promise and potential, who was murdered, assassinated after he was drugged the night before, the man who was wounded in his bed and an animal, an armed animal walked in the room and fired two bullets in his head and said: He is good and dead now.

We can't forget. We have to remember. We have to keep a fire lit.

Only when we can deal with justice for everybody can we ever achieve the greatness that we have promised each other. Don't leave young Black men, young Hispanic men, don't leave them out of the equation. When you speak about justice and the greatness of this

Nation, include them in in meaningful ways; not with just platitudes but with everyday practices, include them in.

Mr. Speaker, I have come this evening because we have to embrace the truth, and Scripture tells us: Know ye the truth, and the truth shall set you free.

□ 1645

Today, Mike Brown, Eric Garner, Trayvon Martin, and a young 12-year-old lad from Cleveland are crying from their graves. They want justice. The young people who are marching throughout the Nation want justice. And I want to say to those young people, fight on, march on, protest on, and don't stop. I believe in the power of the youth, the power of the youth won't stop.

Fred Hampton lives today in the hearts, the minds, and the spirits of some of these young people today who are taking to the streets in protest of police brutality here in our Nation, police murder here in our Nation.

I say to you that Chairman Fred, my friend, Chairman Fred still lives. His spirit permeates the minds and hearts of all justice-seeking people, particularly the young people, even today.

Mr. Speaker, may I ask how much time do I have remaining?

The SPEAKER pro tempore. The gentleman has 6 minutes remaining.

Mr. RUSH. Mr. Speaker, I would love to ask my colleague from Chicago, Mr. DANNY K. DAVIS, I yield to him.

Mr. DANNY K. DAVIS of Illinois. Thank you, my friend and colleague, Congressman RUSH for calling this Special Order. I have thought that I wouldn't be able to be here, but I actually changed my schedule. I want to commend you for calling this Special Order and especially for the subject which you have addressed.

As I listened to you, I thought about the fact that the day of the assassination, my friend, Frank Lipscomb, and I went through the apartment. We saw the blood on the sheets, we saw the bullet holes, and we saw the tape. We were young schoolteachers, becoming activist-oriented, caught up in what was taking place in our country. I am so grateful that you were not there because had you been, in all probability, not only would we be talking about Fred and Mark, but we would also be talking about BOBBY RUSH. But I do believe that the good Lord spared you and somehow or another took you in another direction at that moment so that 45 years later we could look at and appreciate the many public contributions that you have made in efforts to try and make this world a better place, a more just place, a place where all life could be considered sacred.

The location is in my congressional district, the district that I represent, the district that I serve, less than a mile away. The building that I inhabit as a district office has a mural on the wall on the side of the building of Chairman Fred. His son, Fred, Jr.,

Fred's mother, and members of their organization come with regularity to pay homage and tribute. Of course, Fred's mother, brother, and sister live in my district in Maywood, Illinois. Never does a year go by when they don't have some event, some activity, some groupings of progressive-thinking people who come and spend time at their home talking about progressive causes and progressive issues.

It is kind of interesting that here we are 45 years later when law enforcement misconduct and police brutality are all at the forefront of issues plaguing our society today. I think the one thing that Fred's life and legacy has taught us is that freedom is a hard-won thing. Each generation has to win it and win it again. So when we look at what is taking place in St. Louis, in Chicago, in Ferguson, in Cleveland, in New York, and in Florida, all across the country, it tells us what Frederick Douglass taught, and that is that struggle, struggle, strife, and pain are the prerequisites for change. If there is no struggle, then there is no progress. Fred taught us that struggle must continue even to the last breath of injustice.

So we commend you, just as we commend your friends, Fred and Mark, for the leadership that you have provided in trying to help make America the America that has never been but all of us know must and will be.

I thank you for calling this Special Order.

Mr. RUSH. Well, I want to thank my friend and colleague, DANNY K. DAVIS, from my home State, my former city council colleague and my compatriot in all things that are in the nature of justice, equality, and standing for the goodness of not only this Nation.

I just want to say to you when you mentioned me, I just have to, in a humble way, the most humble way—and it didn't have anything to do with me. I am a devout Christian, a pastor, theologian, seminary graduate, and pastor of a church, so I know it wasn't me, but I have had to remind you and others that the very next morning after December 4, on December 5, which ironically was my mother's birthday, the police came to my apartment to kill me and shot my door down, but I had gone underground.

THE EXECUTIVE AMNESTY PREVENTION ACT OF 2014

The SPEAKER pro tempore (Mr. MEADOWS). Under the Speaker's announced policy of January 3, 2013, the Chair recognizes the gentleman from Texas (Mr. GOHMERT) for 30 minutes.

Mr. GOHMERT. Mr. Speaker, I won't take long, but I wanted to address the bills that we took up late today. First we voted on H.R. 5759. This is the bill exactly as it appears. We always have copies of the bill that we vote on that are out here in the Speaker's Lobby so you can grab them as you come in here and see what we are voting on. But